

## HEAVEN'S BEGINNING.

## MISCONCEPTIONS AND PROBABILITIES AS TO THE FUTURE STATE.

A Sermon by Rev. J. B. Hawthorne at the First Baptist Church in Atlanta—What the Bible and Reason Teach—Different Notions That Preval.

If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also.—John xiv, 3.

These were the comforting words which Jesus spoke to his disciples just before his crucifixion. To those who had journeyed with him through the years of his earthly ministry, and who had received his saving grace and experienced the blessedness of the closest communion with him, he was the dearest object in the universe. The thought of separation from him was almost unendurable. It extinguished their fondest hopes and filled their hearts with the loneliest anguish. As his presence had made their highest joy, the loss of it would make their bitterest grief. Knowing this, loving them with the tenderest affection and moved with the profoundest pity for their sorrow, he assured them that he would provide for the gratification of their supreme desire. "I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

An impressive feature of divine revelation is the lack of particularity in reference to the future state. It gives us only the outlines of the great unseen. It assures us that another and an endless state of being will succeed the present. It teaches us that on the threshold of that other life there is a judgment, and that in that judgment there is a separation of the righteous from the wicked, the former going away into everlasting blessedness and the latter into everlasting punishment. It tells us that the presence and love of Christ will make the eternal felicity of one class, and the absence of it the eternal wretchedness of the other. These are the eternal verities which revelation has placed beyond the realm of doubt and speculation. These are the outlines of the world to come. As to what lies between them we are at liberty to exercise our reason and imagination.

THE REAL HEAVEN.

Men who not only believe heaven to be a reality, but cherish the hope that it will be their final and eternal home, can scarcely avoid discussing many questions about it upon which revelation is silent. They desire to know where heaven is. Is it one of the larger planets of our solar system? Is it in the dim faroff Milky Way? Or is it the great central orb of the universe? They desire to know what heaven is. What does it look like? What object within the range of mortal ken does it resemble? What shall we do in heaven? What undertakings shall engage our enlarged and unfettered faculties? What will come in to satisfy our desire and need of activity when we are forever beyond the realm of earthly pursuits? With whom shall we keep company there? What language shall we speak? What music shall we sing? What raiment shall we wear? How much of what we know and feel and enjoy in this life can we carry over into that other life? We cannot take our houses and lands and money. Our sensuous pleasures, our social distinctions and our political offices and honors must be left behind. But may we carry with us the innocent loves and pure friendships which we cherish here? Will the genius and knowledge and skill of the painter, and of the musician, and of the poet, and of the orator be transferred to the next life and the next world?

The absence of light upon these subjects does not distress the intelligent Christian. Having Christ as his everlasting portion and companion, he is confident that no element of blessedness will be left out of his heavenly inheritance. If we have received Christ as our Saviour; if we have seen him as our substitute under divine law, bearing our sins in his own body on the tree; if we have felt the transforming power of his grace making us new creatures in him; if we have received the spirit of adoption, and as loving, confiding children lean on his breast, look up into his sweet, benignant face and bask in his smile, we realize that heaven is simply to be with him forever.

"Where I am ye may be also." We are with him here and now, but in the next life we shall be with him in a deeper and larger sense. There we shall have a clearer sight of him, a closer communion with him and a more perfect knowledge of every attribute of his being and of every element of his history and work than it is possible for us to have in this life, where, even in our moments of highest exaltation and rapture, we see only "through a glass darkly."

There is much in our hymnology that will mislead if we are not intelligent readers of the Bible. We sing of "going to heaven when we die," as if it were a foreign realm and in no way connected with the present world and the present life—as if it were a distant port to which we set sail after the journey of this life is over. All this is misconception. Heaven is simply the unfolding and enlargement of the life which we now have in Christ. The new and everlasting life begins with regeneration, repentance and faith. Heaven is that part of it which comes after death. That will be the best part of it, because then it will be a life of absolute harmony and communion with Christ. Unfettered by flesh and freed from sin, there will be nothing to dim the soul's vision of him whom it loves supremely, and nothing to prevent the most intimate and perfect fellowship with him.

The point I wish to emphasize is that the heavenly life is a continuation of the present Christian life. It is a life begun not in the next world, but in this world. Jesus said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It is within us in the seed form. After death we shall have that kingdom within us in full development.

When you sing, "I want to go to heaven when I die," you give expression to a desire for which there is no warrant in the word of God. If you want heaven, you must find it before you die. "Going to heaven" is simply going to Christ. All that constitutes heaven is in him. To know him is to have eternal life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." That life is a present possession. The present enjoyment of it is imperfect, only because immeasurable difficulties render present communion with Christ imperfect. We taste heaven now as we see Jesus—"through a glass darkly." After death, when we "see him as he is" and "face to face," we shall have heaven in all of its ineffable fullness and glory.

I am quite familiar with the objections that have been urged against this view. It is claimed that we confine celestial enjoyments to a comparatively narrow range when we say that heaven is simply to be with Christ, and love him, and praise him. Mr. Beecher was quite rebellious at the idea that heaven is a place where God, in the person of Christ, sits upon a visible throne and requires his myriads of saints and angels to spend eternity singing songs and blowing trumpets to his praise. He thought there would be a very wearisome monotony in such a service. The Scriptures do not support any such view of heaven, and I do not know of any intelligent Christian who holds to the conception which Mr. Beecher so vigorously repudiated.

IT WILL NOT DESTROY OUR IDENTITY.

The Bible does not teach that the solitary occupation of the redeemed in heaven will be singing songs and blowing trumpets to the praise of God. The man who believes that it does is a crazy literalist. In revealing to us the realities of the future life the inspired writers were compelled to use imagery—figures of speech. In no other way could they give us an idea of super-sensuous and divine things. Their pictorial representations of the future state of the redeemed were meant to teach us that the worship of God there, as here, is the highest and most satisfying act of the human soul.

Where is it that our souls are in closest touch with God? Where is it that we are the most conscious of the divinity within us? Where is it that our spiritual faculties experience the best illumination and the highest and sweetest exaltation? Where is it that "heaven comes down the soul to greet, and glory crowns the mercy seat?" It is where we worship God—"in spirit and in truth." It is in the secret chamber of prayer, where we speak to God, and God speaks to us in the still small voice of his spirit. It is also in his holy temple, where every faculty of the soul is lifted up and enraptured by the inspirations of sacred music, and the consecrated spot on which we stand is transformed into a Mount of Transfiguration. Now, think of these blessed experiences multiplied and intensified a thousandfold, and you will at least approximate a right conception of the sublimity and the satisfying rapture of heavenly worship. But in that better life we shall do more than speak and sing God's praise.

Death will not destroy our identity. We shall be the same beings in the next world that we are in this. We shall have the same intellectual and spiritual faculties, and when these faculties are exalted and expended, as they doubtless will be after they cease to be fettered by their earthly environment, we shall engage in loftier and more diversified employments than have ever occupied us here. Complete absorption of a man's faculties in the service of Christ in this life does not restrict his energies or render his movements monotonous. Whose faculties were more thoroughly concentrated and riveted upon a single object than William Carey's—the consecrated cobbler—when he undertook the work of converting India to the faith of the gospel? Of all the men who have lived in the nineteenth century, I know not one whose life was less restricted than Carey's.

There is nothing that so quickens, expands and exalts a man's mind, and nothing that gives such amplitude, variety and power to his life, as the inspiration of that grandest affection called "the love of Christ." Now, if there are such range and variety of activity to be found in the service of Christ on earth, how much vaster the range and greater the variety in the same service continued in heaven, where the field is infinitely broader and grander, and every object, from the beauty of the crystal seat to the majestic glory which crowns the Saviour's brow, fires the redeemed soul with the loftiest aspirations!

The novice in Bible study is apt to be confused by the variety of the imagery which is employed to set before us the felicity of the celestial world. He is apt to be confused especially by the fact that the images used for this purpose, "if taken in a natural sense, are quite incompatible with each other." In the one place heaven is pictured as a great city with high walls. In another place it is an open country with trees and streams of water—a country resembling the land which God gave to the ancient Israelites.

SOME DOUBTS DISPELLED.

There are no discords and "divisions in heaven. Why? Because Christ is love, and all beings there take their law and temper from him. Nothing that defileth or maketh a lie can enter heaven. Why? Because he is the gatekeeper, and he is pure and true. In heaven there will be no sickness, no care and sorrow for anything, no blighted hopes, no disappointment, no anxious foreboding, no fear, no wounded affections, no heartaches, no remorse, no unsatisfied longings. Why? Because Christ is there, and "in his presence there is fullness of joy." We have enough in having him. We shall be satisfied when we awake in his likeness.

This view of the subject disposes of all such questions as, "How can I be happy in heaven if I take with me there the memory of my own wrongdoings and of the cares and struggles and griefs of loved ones left behind me?" or, "How can I be happy there and

show that an impassable gulf separates me forever from my father, or my mother, or my wife, or my child?" All such problems will dissolve and disappear in the ineffable light of Christ's visible presence. To have Christ as our everlasting portion is to have every element of happiness.

This doctrine makes large room for the differing notions that men have about heaven and their differing degrees of sensibility to the next world. I find some Christians who have such constant and blessed fellowship with Jesus here, and who are so busy with the Christian duties of this life, that they are but little inclined to think about heaven. The most godly, active, humble, self-denying Christian that I know today is a woman who, during an intimate acquaintance of many years, has scarcely spoken to me about what is to come after death. She so enjoys the Master here, and mind and hands and heart are so constantly and earnestly engaged in his work in this lower world, that she has but little opportunity or inclination to think of what her state will be in the world above. Other true and faithful Christians derive most of their comfort and happiness and most of their inspiration for duty from thinking of the glory that shall be revealed to them when mortality is swallowed up of life and their feet tread the crystal pavement of the eternal city.

Some of God's people cling to one aspect of the heavenly state and some to another. What feature is most pleasing, inspiring and comforting to us is determined largely by our present temperament, condition and environment. If a believer is having a lifelong struggle with poverty, it will be a sweet consolation to him to think of an eternal residence in a country of plenty, and where he will never again have to grapple with such questions as: "What shall I eat? What shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" A Christian woman, wasting away under a long and painful illness, pointed with skeleton hand to the sky and said, "There I shall be well."

A DESIRE AND A HOPE.

Southey was wont to speak of heaven as the home of sanctified genius, where gifted spirits hold exalted fellowship. He longed to see and converse with Shakespeare, Dante and Chaucer. The ruling aspiration of John Foster was to explore the secrets of the spiritual universe. His sublime soul was restive under the limitations of the present life. It was like a courser panting to leap the barrier; like an eagle dragging at its chain, beating the bars of its prison and longing to soar above the clouds. He thought of heaven as a place that will give free and ample scope to his truth seeking and wonder loving spirit. Take the Christian to whom home and family are very dear, and who, when far away in a strange land or on a troubled sea, is accustomed to sit alone in the twilight and sing "Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!" and you will find that his fondest conception of heaven is that it is for those who have been exiles, strangers and pilgrims here, a home of infinite rest.

God has planted in my own breast an almost boundless admiration for heroism—especially moral heroism. My favorite study has been the biographies of heroes. In selecting men to be my companions I look first for courage—courage to know and speak and act the truth. In a world of trimmers and time servers and place seekers and moral cowards my heart bounds with ecstatic joy when I find a man who holds himself immeasurably above the dastardly principle that "we must do in Rome what Romans do." Having this intense admiration for courage and this passionate fondness for brave men, it is a feast to my soul to think of heaven as the gathering place of God's heroes. And no intelligent Christian can read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and John's description of the glorified martyrs without admitting that this conception is true. I want to see brave old Noah, who for more than 100 years withstood the ridicule of the whole world. I want to see Moses, who had the sublime courage to step down from the wealth and splendor and power of a prince—an heir apparent to the throne of Egypt—and identify himself with the afflicted and enslaved people of God. I want to see those apostles who, when sentenced to be whipped and threatened with death, stood before the court which condemned them and said, "We will obey God rather than men." I want to see Paul, whom neither bonds nor imprisonments nor stripes, nor the fury of mobs, nor the wrath of kings, could conquer. I want to see Polycarp, who could not be constrained even by the torture of flames to deny Christ. I want to see Martin Luther, who faced the wicked vengeance of papal Rome without a tremor. I want to see the old Bedford Baptist John Bunyan, who would lie in jail "till moss grew over his eyebrows before he would surrender his right to preach the gospel without the license of the king."

Neither man nor angel could depict the rapture that will fill my soul if through God's mercy I shall be permitted to sit down in the kingdom of heaven and look into the faces of such men. But my admiration for these heroes will not blind me to the fact that it was Christ in them that made them brave and faithful unto death. They were conquerors through him, and all the glory of their achievements will merge into the imperishable glory that encircles his brow. In that best abode Christ is all and in all. Without his presence nothing there could render us happy. It is the light radiating from his face that makes all the beauty and all the bliss of heaven. Blessed Saviour! Giver of all good! Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown.

Looking Up.

Nearly 11,000 women have registered in Boston, a substantial increase over last year. The woman in Deerfield, Mass., who sued the assessors for refusing to register her has obtained \$42.04 damages, and now all the other Deerfield women are registering. School as a fringe in Massachusetts is looking up.—Exchange.

## GOVERNMENT BONDS.

## SOME BUYERS FORGET TO COLLECT INTEREST OR PRINCIPAL.

Some Interesting Information Expressed in Large Figures—The Difference Between Coupon and Registered Bonds. How Interest Piles Up.

A number of snug fortunes are lying in the United States treasury waiting for somebody to step up and claim them. This money is due on bonds long ago called in. Some of them have never been cashed by the holders. On the "old debt," which embraces all loans made to this government up to 1887, \$121,000 is still owing. Since that date more than \$1,000,000 has accumulated, being unfilled for by the persons entitled to it, either through negligence or for other reasons.

A considerable fraction of this great sum is now held by the treasurer of the United States in the shape of checks. Interest on registered bonds is paid by check, but as people are constantly changing their addresses it not infrequently happens that track is lost for awhile of an individual bondholder. Under such circumstances the quarterly interest checks are retained as they fall due and in the course of time pile up. They are kept for an indefinite period and are good forever.

There are such checks in the treasurer's office now which have accumulated during more than 10 years. On the other hand, knowing that they are always good for the money they represent, people often keep these interest checks, putting them away and hoarding them, just as if they were so much cash. Only the other day a batch of 40 checks for \$1 each was received at the treasury. The owner had simply put them away as they came in year after year.

The millionaire is commonly represented as engaged in clipping coupons from bonds. This is an egregious error. Rich men, as a rule, do not hold coupon bonds. Such bonds are not safe property. They are always payable to bearer like treasury notes. If lost, the government will not replace them. Accordingly, for the sake of security, people are constantly exchanging them for registered bonds. The sum total of coupon bonds is now about \$70,000,000, mostly in the hands of small holders.

Registered bonds are rich men's property par excellence. At present about \$200,000,000 worth of them is held by private individuals. Of this great sum \$87,000,000, or not far from one-half, is owned by 1,000 persons, roughly speaking, whose holdings average \$80,000.

The names of these fortunate individuals are kept secret by the treasury. Some of the fortunes possessed in this shape are enormous. Among the greatest holdings are those of the Vanderbilts. Old William H. Vanderbilt had \$45,000,000 in registered bonds at one time.

About 20 years ago \$40,000 worth of the consols of 1865 and 1867 were stolen in Havana. The thief altered them by erasing the name from the face and sold them to ignorant persons. They were for \$1,000 each. Ever since then they have been coming in to the treasury through banks and otherwise. Of course they were useless to the holders, being registered and only payable to the original owner.

The original owner lost nothing, of course. All he had to do was to notify the secretary of the treasury, giving an affidavit and a bond of indemnity, and the stolen consols were replaced. That is the advantage of registered bonds. The number of such bonds that have been lost and stolen is astonishing. A list of them, numbering nearly 1,000, is printed and circulated by the government.

It is called the "caveat list" and is designed to warn bankers and others against accepting securities of the numbers mentioned. Some time ago a report came from Indianapolis of a bond that was said to have been destroyed. Affidavits, etc., being furnished, a new one was issued to replace it. Ten years later that identical security was forwarded to the treasury from Holyoke, Mass.

It had been found in a lot of waste paper at a paper mill. There was no question of fraud in this case. The owner lost it and supposed that it had been burned.

A great many bonds called for redemption 20 years and more ago have never been presented for payment. Some of them have doubtless been put away and forgotten. It is imagined that others have been lost at sea together with their owners. The quantity of gold and silver in coin and bullion sunk from wrecks in the ocean amounts to many millions of dollars in the course of a century.

Only about \$2,000,000 worth of bonds is possessed by comparatively poor persons, and these in sums of \$500 or less.

About 30 years ago Uncle Sam lent a lot of money to help build various transcontinental railways. It was understood that the companies would refund the cash as soon as they got well started. There is little likelihood that any considerable part of it will ever be paid. There is still owing \$64,000,000 of original indebtedness, plus \$70,000,000 of interest.

To raise this money for the use of the railways, the government issued bonds at different times from 1865 to 1899. They were to run for 30 years at 6 per cent. The treasury is still paying this big interest, which is more than twice what the loan is worth today.—New York World.

Children In Demand.

A private letter from Tecumseh, Neb., speaks of the great demand there is in that region for children to "bring up." "Here in the west," says the writer, "is certainly the place to find homes for the waifs of your big eastern cities. Not long ago a lot of little wanderers were brought to Tecumseh. The day that they were to arrive was duly advertised in the paper, and though the weather proved very rainy the demand for the children was greater than the supply. They all went into good homes."—New York Times.

## OLD AND NEW COINING.

A Modern Press That Is to Do the Work in the Philadelphia Mint.

The striking of medals in the coiners' department of the United States mint has for years been by means of the screw and fly press. The screw in this press is 6 inches in diameter, and there are three threads with a pitch of three inches. The double lever attached to the head of the screw is 13 inches in length, or 6½ feet either way from the center of the screw, and upon the ends of the arms are mounted balls weighing about 150 pounds.

Three men are employed in the working of the press—one to arrange the blanks to be struck upon or between the two hardened steel dies, while one at each end of the lever furnishes the power to raise the screw and then by a rapid movement cause the same to descend to the work, they being careful at the proper moment to step inside to avoid being struck by the recoil of the lever. Two and a half revolutions of the screw give with all the force the men can impart a blow or pressure equivalent to 250 tons.

In the striking of a 4 inch diameter medal some 50 or 60 blows are necessary to complete the medal. The blank, which becomes hardened by the force of each blow, must be annealed. Each time consequently the amount of labor bestowed makes the cost of such medals quite high.

Some 19 years since the idea was conceived that the introduction of hydraulic pressure would be more satisfactory and produce better results, both as to cost and execution. The trial was then made on an ordinary hydraulic press, such as is used for forcing the wheels of a locomotive on the axle, made at the machine works of William Sellers & Co.

An accident occurring in the bursting of the steel collar, by which the then coiner of the mint was injured, had a dampening effect upon the scheme, though the idea never met with encouragement, until some two years since, when an opportunity was offered to make a test of the pressures required to make the various coins. This being so satisfactory and having gained the conclusive knowledge that for years had been only guess work, it encouraged the revival of the idea, and plans and estimates were framed for a press that should have a capacity of striking pressure equivalent to 2,000 tons.

The contract for this press was awarded to Messrs. William Sellers & Co. at a cost of \$7,000. The designs having been approved, the press was completed in September, and upon trial at the works the result was most satisfactory. The dies used upon the trial were those of the 4 inch General Grant medal. The blanks were submitted to a pressure of 1,000,000 pounds, and the second pressure after the annealing of the blank almost finished the medal. One blank, upon which the pressure was exerted three times in succession, was found to be more than was necessary.

The press is complete in detail and symmetrical in design. It is an arch or oval in form, the base and head being heavy iron castings, the whole being secured by two cast steel bands 4 inches thick and 6 inches wide. These bands were submitted to a strain of 3,000,000 pounds each before being put in place. The ram is located in the upper or head casting and is placed in a steel case. It is 25 inches in diameter, and the maximum pressure of 4,000 pounds a square inch gives on this area the pressure of 2,000 tons. There is a graduated device attached by which any desired pressure can be secured and held for any length of time. Experiments will soon enable the person in charge of the press to determine the amount of pressure required for the various sizes of medal.

The movement of the ram up and down is simply by the pressure of the oil from the tank, situated about 15 feet above the room, the maximum pressure being supplied by a thin throw pump and is only exerted during about the last half inch of the stroke of the ram. The power to drive the pumps is supplied by means of a 7½ horsepower Eddy electric motor of a slow speed type. For the annealing of blanks there is a small gas oven, and it is very satisfactory. It has been demonstrated by the experiments already made that the pressure of 20,000 pounds per square inch is required to cause such metals as gold, silver and copper to commence to flow or become fluid. Very interesting results are expected from the installment of this plant, which will add so much to the advantage of the government.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## The Skull Attributed to Sophocles.

The supposed skull of Sophocles found by Munster in a tumulus 11 stadia from Dekeleia has now been examined by Professor Virchow of Berlin. The skull, it may be remembered, was taken from the skeleton of a very old man, with a cane by his side, an alabaster vase and other things. This skeleton was one of four found in sarcophagi, two of which were of marble. Sophocles was 90 when he died in 406 B. C., and the skull corresponds with his age. It is of the long type (Index 73.3), and there is a remarkable irregularity between the right and left hemispheres. The left temporal suture is nearly obliterated. The forehead is broad, the face narrow, high featured and slightly prognathous, while the nose is narrow and the capacity is low (1,340 cubic centimeters).—London Globe.

## Where Do Flowers Go?

I wonder where all the flowers sold go. We see florists' wagons flying about town with high stepping horses and liveried servants. We read of florists giving elaborate dinners to each other and of dukes going into the business, yet we rarely see flowers carried either at the opera or at the ball. Perhaps, after all, it is the sweetest way to send women cut flowers, which they can enjoy in the privacy of their own boudoirs. I have heard of one girl who has so many hundred violets each morning to float in and perfume her bath—and violets at 6 and 7 cents apiece! But that is one of those stories written to be read and not to be believed.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

## FAMOUS SPENDTHRIFTS.

An Austrian Couple Who Spent Over \$25,000,000 in Ten Years.

The Princess Ypsilanti, who died in Vienna recently, belonged to one of the oldest families in Austria and was born in Vienna on March 12, 1845. Her father was the late Baron Simon Sina von Rodos und Kizdia, and her mother a member of the famous Roumanian family of Ghika. Baron Sina was the son of George Sina, the wealthiest banker in Vienna. Baron Sina received on his father's death 90,000,000 florins, or \$45,000,000. This immense sum was divided on the death of Baron Sina among his three daughters, each receiving nearly \$15,000,000. One of the daughters married George Mavrocordato, a member of one of the noblest families of Greece. The second married the spendthrift Duc de Castries, a relative of the late Marshal MacMahon of France.

The third daughter, Helene, on Nov. 23, 1862, when she was but 17 years old, married Prince Gregory Ypsilanti, a native of Epirus and son of Demetrius Ypsilanti, whose valorous deeds during the Greek revolution made the name of Ypsilanti famous throughout the world. During the siege of the city of Nauplia Demetrius, with a small body of Greeks, one night sallied forth and attacked the enemy, creating such terror among the Turks that they raised the siege the next day.

Prince Gregory Ypsilanti was the Greek envoy in Vienna for many years. He was a man of independent means aside from the great fortune brought to him by his wife and served his country for honor alone, refusing all compensation for his duties as its diplomatic representative in Austria.

Prince Gregory Ypsilanti died in Paris on Feb. 20, 1886, and was succeeded as head of his family by his eldest son, Prince Emmanuel, who is now a lad of 16. Three weeks after his death the bankruptcy of the princess was announced, to the amazement of the aristocratic circles of Vienna and Athens. Prince Gregory had been a man of apparently quiet and retiring disposition, but he and his wife had managed to get rid of \$25,000,000 in 10 years, and the widowed princess found herself \$4,000,000 in debt.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## Wood Working Machinery.

Some ingenious devices in wood working machinery have lately been brought forward, in especial a boring mechanism to be used in making holes for blind nailing in hardwood floors, the working being entirely automatic—that is, the stock is carried forward by a fluted roll and is stopped by a cam at proper distances from the boring of holes by the bit, which works horizontally. The board being carried on an angle. Another most useful and novel arrangement in this line is a hardwood flooring machine which takes the rough stock, planes it on both sides and matches it. There are five cutting cylinders, the first having a flexible bar, which allows of the free passage of irregularities in stock and insures the presentation to the cylinders of a uniform surface, this being followed by top and side and bottom finishing cylinders. The side finishing cylinders are equipped with a weighted chip breaker bar which prevents splintering the stock. There are six feed rolls of 9½ inches diameter, and the back rolls are placed beyond the last cylinder, thus carrying all stock clear through the machine.—New York Sun.

## She Was the "Biler."

Topnoddy made up his mind that he was not going to be trampled on any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he called out imperiously: "Mrs. Topnoddy, Mrs. Topnoddy!" Mrs. Topnoddy came out of the kitchen with a drop of perspiration on her nose, her sleeves turned up, a dishrag in one hand and a rolling pin in the other. "Well, sir," she said, "What'll ye 'ave?"

Topnoddy staggered, but braced up. "Mrs. Topnoddy, I want you to understand, madam," and he tapped his breast dramatically, "I am the engineer of this establishment!"

"Oh, you are, are yer? Well, Mr. Topnoddy, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"I am the biler that'll blow up and fling the engineer over into the next garden. Do ye 'ear the steam escaping, Topnoddy?"

"Yes," said Topnoddy meekly. And then he inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.—Spare Moments.

## A Mean Man.

There is a man in Philadelphia so mean that when he is asked to join in singing "Old Hundred" he churns off "Ninety and Nine" instead. He says he has got to make 1 per cent away these hard times.—Texas Sittings.

## Your Best Young Man.

"You can't always just tell what your best young man is going to develop into," said the girl in the blue jacket. "Now, I know a young man, and when I first met him I said to myself: 'At last! Here he is! A real live man without a fad.' And I was happy in the thought that he wouldn't talk football or theosophy to me. But it didn't take me long to find out my mistake. Of all the fads I ever heard of that man's fad is the very worst."

"He does tricks with cards and can juggle things," continued the girl in the blue jacket, as her eyes grew bright and her cheeks pinkish. "At luncheons he fishes his handkerchief out of my muff and finds his gloves in my jacket pocket. If you hand him a glass of water, he'll turn it upside down and ask you blandly why the water doesn't run out. At home he makes life miserable for me, and when he goes away I call in the girl and have her sweep up the remnants of the teacups that he breaks. He balances parasols, guitars, vases—in fact, everything that he can find—on the end of his nose. I can't do anything with him. I am trying very hard to make him angry so he'll quit calling, but he is so absurdly good natured that I fear I shall never succeed."—St. Louis Republic.